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**THE WRETCHED FATE THAT BEFELL SILAS AND JOSEPH**

**A Sigh for Si.**

Si used to be contented with the way that things was run; He used to be a fellow that was always in for fun; His wages satisfied him and he never loafed a bit, And he kept a pluggin' steady till the whistle blowed to quit. But somebody came and told him that the land was billed for wreck, That the iron heel of capital was trampin' on his neck!

At first Si hooted at it—he was workin' overtime With the promise of promotion and he saw a chance to climb— But another fellow grabbed him by a button, and he showed How the country was a-whoopin' down destruction's dizzy road, And that Si was in for trouble that was measured by the peck For the iron heel of capital was trampin' on his neck.

But Si—that didn't phase him altogether—he worked on; Till they told him that the era of despair was soon to dawn, That instead of always smiling he had better try to moan For the plutocratic vampires had him ground to skin and bone, That the octopus was dealin' and had calmly stacked the deck And the iron heel of capital was trampin' on his neck.

And then Si felt his collar and he muttered: "I can feel Something like a dent—I wonder if it isn't from that heel." And he quit his work to argue how the plans was laid to rob All the slaves—and then another fellow landed Si's old job. So today he cannot keep his gloomy prophecies in check For the iron heel of capital has trampled on his neck. —W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

**Bad Rhyme. Great Truth.**

There was a young man in Lincoln Who took very hard unto boozing. He swilled it all day And also all night, Until he was seized with the tremens.

**As Usual.**

"Didn't you tell me a couple of months ago that Billkins had gone down to New York to clean out Wall street?" "Yes." "How did he get along with the job?" "Billkins hasn't got the price of a bath for himself now."

**The Reason.**

"What makes you think Whiffles is above his wife?" "She is always blowing him up."

**Then He Fled.**

Several times during the winter the milkman showed up at the kitchen door with a bad case of "jag." Then came a few weeks during which another man delivered the milk. But the other day the regular man once more made his appearance, looking well and in a state of wonderful sobriety. The man of the house hap-

**A Jolt for Joe.**

Joe wouldn't join the union, and he swore he would be free; To any walkin' delegate he'd never bow his knee. He settled his own wages, and he said he'd go alone— He swore he'd 'tend his business and let others 'tend their own. And Joe swelled up right chesty, and said he'd make bold to state He'd never be hornswoggled by a walkin' delegate.

A comrade told Joe capital was organized for greed, But Joe just laughed and hooted, and he didn't give it heed. He reckoned he was smart enough for holding up his end Against all schemes of grindin' down that capital could send. So with a merry "ha ha" Joe kept toilin' until late, And said he'd stand no bossin' from a walkin' delegate.

The bosses cut down wages and the union men all struck; But Joe just knuckled under and tight to his job he stuck. And when employers cheered him and said "Here's a hero, see!" Joe thought he was one surely and felt proud as he could be. And then they cut his wages nearer to starvation's rate— But Joe said, "I'll keep on workin' 'spite of walkin' delegate."

Then work stopped because the bosses couldn't scare up "scabs" enough, And then Joe was on his uppers and was feeling mighty tough. Then, when union men were sent for 'cause they knew their chosen trade, An agreement for the union and a higher wage was made. But Joe found himself at leisure to sit down and contemplate The freedom he was proud of from the walkin' delegate. —Another Machine Poet.

pened to be standing on the back porch as the milkman came up the walk.

"Good morning," said the milkman. "Mighty fine weather we're having these days."

"Good morning, Charley," said the householder. "Hitting the booze any now?"

"Nope! Cut that all out. I'm on the water wagon now—that is, I mean that—O, you know what I mean."

And the householder, having taken milk from that particular dairy for some time, rather thought he did.

**Sarcasm.**

Two fruit growers engaged in a dispute over some trivial matter, and soon the argument grew fierce.

"You are a, a-a, you are a cutworm," hissed one.

That didn't phase the other fellow. He immediately retorted:

"And you are one o' them blamed Ben Davises."

That was the clincher. They fought all over the orchard.

**Specific.**

"Has your landlord raised your rent?" "Not much. He merely increased it. I still have to raise it."

**The Difference.**

"Why do you support Berjones and oppose Kersmith? Both of them are demanding the same reforms." "O, that fellow Kersmith means what he says."

**Fate.**

The winter's gone and no more toll For months we'll have to pay on coal. But spring is here, and in a trice We'll go to putting up for ice. 'Twas ever thus—as seasons go We're separated from our "dough."

**Modernized.**

"Orpheus was such a fine musician that even the trees and rocks kept time with his music." "Everything had to dance when Orpheus played, eh?" "Yes, that's it." "Old Orph must have been something like a modern trust, I suppose. They make everything dance to their music."

**Histrionic.**

"Folled!" hissed the villain in the play. "Correct, and that's not your only resemblance to a cheap cigar," gurgled the hero. After which exchange of civilities the play proceeded.

**Brain Leaks.**

Flattery is always good bait for suckers. Getting on in the world simply means getting down to business. Piety is more than perfunctory performance. The real songs of praise are not sung for hire. Fishing for compliments is like greasing the hands to skin an eel. We have often wished we had a garden as fine as some of those we planned when the snow was two or three feet deep. Very often the man who has achieved the reputation of being a "good fellow," did it at the sacrifice of his family's welfare. We pay a physician \$3 for telling us the Latin name of a disease that hurts us, when the old-fashioned grandmother across the street would have given us the old-fashioned name and remedy for nothing.

**Are We Honest?**

I believe you are, and I am willing to let you judge me. I honestly believe I have a book worth a dollar to you, and I believe you will think so after you see the book. The book is one I published myself, and it is made up of the poems and sketches that have appeared in the "Whether Common or Not" department of The Commoner, and in other publications. I wrote them all myself. The book is cloth bound, gold side and back stamps, foreword by Mr. W. J. Bryan, and has 277 pages. The price is One Dollar.

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